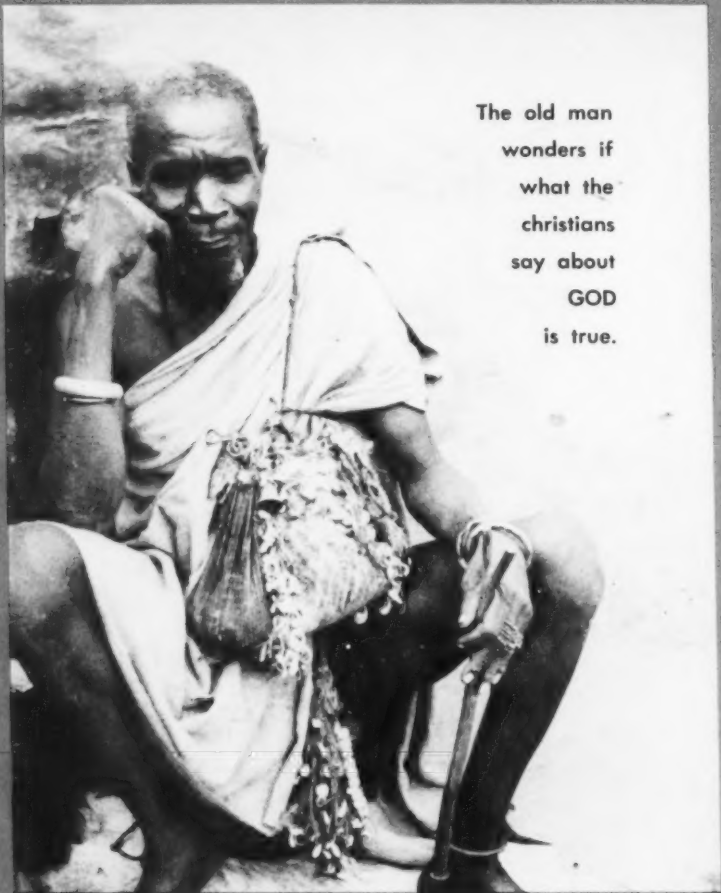


Africa



WHITE SISTERS

JANUARY - FEBRUARY
1956



The old man
wonders if
what the
christians
say about
GOD
is true.

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GOD AS NYASALAND SEES HIM

The people believe in God but do not worship Him.

NAMES OF GOD

The inhabitants of Nyasaland believe in an "all-powerful" Being Who lives somewhere far off in the sky! A complete description as to His stature, His nature or His attributes is rather undefinable because, naturally, no one has ever SEEN HIM! But every once in a while by a careless wave of the hand, He showers the earth with definite signs of His power—for instance, as on the day when He let fall upon the earth the men, the animals and the plants. Sometimes, too, His displeasure is shown by thunder, lightning or earthquakes!

Various names have been labeled to this Supreme Being which more or less signifies His importance upon the lives of these "still-primitive" believers. Among them, the most ordinary title is "Mulungu"—or The Creator. The story goes that one day, above the clouds, beings came into existence, and the result was a general squalling, like chicks fresh from their eggshells. This deafening noise caused a great deal of confusion,

thus making it necessary for the Creator to seek a new place to put His creatures. He looked around, saw the earth, and immediately the "big move" began, heaven opening to pour out a vast distribution of men and animals upon a barren peak somewhere in the middle of Nyasaland.

"Mphambe"—the All-Powerful—is another name attributed to God. It is this Mphambe Who rules the great forces of nature, causing rain, thunder, lightning, earthquakes, winds, etc.

To honor the Great Provider of the world, still another name of "Mlezi"—or Providence—defines the God Who ripens the harvest and feeds the world, often showing His beneficent regard in the sign of the rainbow.

While many names are ascribed to the principal attributes of God, more definite information is lacking since these believers have never searched into deeper foundations, being quite satisfied with their vague notion of a Supreme Being! But the unique idea of ONE God has survived the ages and there is



Because of the death in the family the sorcerer is consulted. He has questioned the spirits and expects an answer from the antelope's horn.

no possibility of several gods. HE is THE Spirit!

NO WORSHIP GIVEN TO GOD

Although the Master and Lord of all things is believed to be an "all-powerful" God, He is not venerated nor given any worship on behalf of His believers in Nyasaland. He is considered a Being much too distant to be concerned about the troubles of His creatures, and since He is "all-good" there is nothing to fear from Him.

Acts of homage, thanksgiving, requests for pardon of sins—all these are unknown in the relations of this primitive belief in God. Those who follow this trend do not see the finger of God in daily occurrences, and in their few moments of happiness and success, they are only concerned with celebrating and amusing themselves. When bad times fall upon them,

they try to appease the soul of the angry ancestor whose spirit is believed to be troubled.

There is only one circumstance which serves to remind them of the sovereign power of "Ciuta"—the Great Bow. This reminder is produced by a dry spell, for they realize that rain is assuredly a gift of the Divine Power. When gardens begin to dry up and fields and crops are roasted by an obstinate sun . . . then everyone agrees that the Heavenly Lord must be absent-minded and so they proceed to call Him to reality!

The most perfect sacrifice is then chosen . . . a bull, a goat, a sheep or a chicken, depending on the wealth of the individual. On the appointed day, the master of ceremonies represents the entire people in his cry: "Lord Ciuta, you have hardened your heart towards us. Here is the gift which we offer

you to obtain for us rain—much rain!”

If the rain still does not come, then it means that Ciuta is not pleased and another sacrifice must be offered. If the torrents are obtained, there is general rejoicing—and “Ciuta” is promptly forgotten!

THE CULT OF THE SPIRITS

The spirits are the souls of the dead who are believed to be dreadfully bored in the solitude of their graves, and thus they return to earth either invisibly or in unrecognizable shapes—perhaps that of an animal or plant. It is up to the Sorcerer to determine the exact abode of certain spirits.

Since all the spirits do not possess equal importance, according to their former position in life, those who have been recognized as more outstanding individuals have a reserved place in their own homes while the lesser spirits must be satisfied with tiny, ill-constructed shelters. Those who have had no influence while on earth have no more after death. They spend their time brooding over the ingratitude and forgetfulness of their families. But the spirits of old chiefs, or of the old women who ruled their households with an iron hand, are still capable of acting; having been accustomed to complete dominion over all in their lifetime, they now take on a vexed attitude at having been thrust aside. Therefore, the spirits must always be feared!

The witchdoctors are specialists in consulting the spirits. Two of

their many methods of finding the cause of misfortunes are by means of dreams—which are considered most meaningful—and incantations to the spirits. These incantations may be done with the aid of sticks, bits of wood, or anything unusual. The spirit then reveals his identity and states what he wishes for a sacrifice. Naturally, the witchdoctor must know many things about the family and having indirectly sought this information beforehand, he is now ready to interpret his inspired verdict!

In spite of the large number of sorcerers in this land, none are out of business. For the people, no misfortune is natural: if a man is bitten by a crocodile, or a child develops ptomaine poisoning by eating contaminated food, immediately the spirit who has caused this mishap must be appeased!

All this knowledge of the belief of this primitive race proves that they are indeed religious, but their religion consists of false notions and evil practices. Thus it is that the Missionaries have, given their lives in order to teach them the TRUE FAITH, which is often very difficult after such an upbringing which is deeply infected by ancient traditions. It is for these that we must pray, in order that the Light may be brighter, that wills may be stronger and that eventually they will see and have the strength to embrace and practice the Faith which we bring them . . .

REV. F. X. LAPOINTE, W.F.



☞ Satan's Drums Are Silenced ☞

A twelve-year-old Neophyte refuses to give way to Satan's whims!

Among the people of Nyasaland, dances and games of various kinds engage a large interest in the lives of primitive communities. Dancing however, takes first place among social relations and while some of the dances are harmless—those which are used for recreational purposes as a daytime pleasure—still others, of a superstitious nature, are used by Satan in the bright of the moonlight to trap souls into his snare.

Consequently, professional dancers have grouped themselves into more or less secret societies, organizing dance corps in numerous villages and thereby imposing their immoral customs on the people. The head-dancers, or leaders, often wield more power than

the village chiefs themselves. Thus they are universally feared in their brutal and decisive means in which they exercise authority.

The response of an old Chief to our proposal for opening a Catholic School in his territory, is an example of how these dancers' unmolested authority is put into practice:—"Impossible," the Chief blurted, "I fear the dancers! It is a custom that whenever anyone dies here, we must bring out THE DRUMS and the children have to dance like the rest . . . and you would not allow that."

Of course there are all types of dances and drums, but the drums which we speak of now are those large tom-toms whose deep rum-

bling can be heard above all other sounds at night, when there is dancing in the full light of the moon, usually inspired by the devil himself.

In a village where a non-Christian Chief had energetically refused admittance to the dancers, the Missionaries had just performed their first adult baptisms about the same time. Among these neophytes was the 12-year-old son of the Chief who had chosen the name of Samson in order that he might better oppose these nocturnal dances in following his father's good example.

Within two months the Chief became seriously ill, and a catechist was immediately sent to his side, just in time to have the man receive the Sacrament of Baptism which snatched him from Satan's clutches. Now that the Chief was dead the dancers resolved to return to this village, planning to make it their headquarters. They openly declared before Samson's tutor that they would "beat the drums" in honor of the deceased Chief.

Samson knew only too well the danger of these moonlight "concerts" and being recently infused with sacramental grace, his little heart could not bear the thought that the devil would profit from this homage on the occasion of his Christian father's death. With this thought taking hold of him, he firmly set out to prevent this evil occurrence.

The next morning, accompanied by the catechist, he visited the cemetery, praying fervently on his

father's tomb. Towards evening as he strolled out of the courtyard facing his house, he gasped in surprise as his eyes fell upon the big drums lined up in preparation for the dancing.

"What is all this?" he demanded of his uncle, the young man's tutor.

"Those are the drums. I hear they are going to dance tonight as is usually the custom when a Chief dies."

"Never!" replied Samson — "I have already told you that my father died a Catholic, has received a Christian burial and belongs to God. They will not dance!"

"Listen, young man, do you pretend to take stand against the Professional dancers? Personally, I prefer not to taste their poisoning concoctions. I, your tutor, say they will dance tonight."

Samson bit his lips in silence. He sat down for a moment, gazing at the three tom-toms, a pair of drum-sticks lying at the side of each. With a new fervor he suddenly arose, walked over to the first drum, pulled out a small wrought-iron knife his father had given him and in three successive lunges deliberately sliced open the drums.

His uncle stared with wide-open mouth at such audacity! The dancers, who had watched these proceedings from the distance, lost no time in leaving the village. That night, the drums were silent and the Chief rested in peace . . . as for Satan, he was once more overpowered by the hand of God!

Such is the courage of our young neophytes!

African Etiquette

Turns The Tables

It is not only the civilized people who possess rules for correct behavior. Even the most primitive of races have a code of etiquette comprised of various rules which differ in the respective tribes.

When travelling, for instance, the law of hospitality excels among those tribes living along the shores, and a bit inland, of Lake Nyasa. Any stranger, be he rich or poor, is welcomed into the village, and if arriving after sunset, is quite sure to find a lodging with a most gracious host. However, there are a few points to be noted when visiting in Nyasaland and if one wishes to be readily received then he must also make an effort to follow the abiding customs.

Before entering a hut, the conventional password "Odi" must be distinctly pronounced loud enough to be heard by the inhabitants. Otherwise a few mishaps may occur, since the silent intruder may be taken as a wild animal, receiving a dash of hot water or a striking blow on the head which does not come under the line of Etiquette!

The first greeting is always presented by the HOST, and not the visitor himself. In the past it has been found that young Missionaries with their cheery "hello" have been answered only by a SILENT response. This practice is so strictly adhered to among the Africans in

Nyasaland, that if any visitor does not observe its meaningful code, he will soon find himself issued out of the hut which he has entered so boldly.

When paying your fond farewells you are required to say: "Tsalani bwino" which means "Keep well." If your friendship is highly valued by the family you have visited, some of the members will accompany you part of the way on your journey—and you can congratulate yourself for this high honor, knowing that your "African etiquette" has been well approved!

Since many of the African peoples emphatically look upon woman as the devoted servant of man, it is seldom that a woman will remain standing when being addressed by the male sex. She humbles herself, getting down on both knees before receiving his message to her.

Another unique rule of etiquette which these people exhibit is the giving and receiving of objects. No matter what the value of the gift in question, the offerer will NEVER present it with one hand only—if he wishes his gift to be received and appreciated. In return, both hands are graciously extended which is sufficient proof that the gift has been accepted with gratitude!

The proper way to say "thanks" is also slightly different. When you give inhabitants of Nya-saland anything to eat... such as fruit, meat, fish, etc. . . . you must not expect to be thanked immediately. Since they think it nonsense to be grateful before first assuring themselves that the gift is really good, they will take the food home, eat it all, and then come back and tell you how much they enjoyed it—and with sincerity, too!

If you should be offered a drink of water, or perhaps native beer, the donor will first take a sip and then pass the gourd or cup on to you; thus you may feel safe to drink the whole container without the fear of being poisoned. Another phrase of etiquette in this category is the use of "finger bowls" in which the whole family washes their hands *before* eating! They are very strict in observing this mode of cleanliness for the reason that all members of the family—the girls with the mother, and the boys with the father—eat from the same plate. This often has its advantages and saves a lot of undue dishwashing!

While we Americans excuse ourselves when passing in front of another person, the people of Nya-saland refrain from doing this. However, if they should pass in back of you, as they have a habit



of doing, they will say "excuse me" in their own fashion, because they believe strongly that "evil lurks behind, and not in front!"

All of these seemingly-exaggerated rules of the primitive peoples may seem full of surprises and quite often we are tempted to think that their customs are simply ridiculous. Nevertheless, as the years roll by and we learn more and more about these people, their language, their expressive ways of living, etc. we find more than once that their simple ideas of etiquette are quite justified.

The work of the Missionary is to adjust himself and adapt himself to these many customs, for his sole purpose is to win these souls to Christ, and like Christ, he must become "all things to all men" and blend himself into the traditions of those whom he is trying to instruct. Our sole aim is not to bring them the refined culture of our modern civilization, but rather to show them the true way of living a happy life with GOD as the center of all that they do!

NEW FILMS FOR THE

ROSARY CRUSADE

Fifteen half-hour films are in the making . . . one for each Mystery of the Rosary. It is Father Peyton's desire that they be shown



all over the world for the good of souls. Father said, "I want those fifteen pictures to be filled with God, with His love, inspiration, interest and power. I want them to win the hearts of the earth, even the hardest. Where the Communists make so desperate an appeal for the winning of the hearts and minds to their way of life, I want Our Blessed Mother to possess those fifteen instruments to make a counterbid for those same hearts and minds to believe in a way of life far more ennobling, to believe in a destiny far greater and most of all to believe in the Divinity of her Son, a God Incarnate that became Incarnate to fight our battles, to conquer our enemies of death and the devil and at the expense of His own life to win Heaven for us where we will live a life with God."

These films will be in color in both 35mm and 16mm and the sound track will be in English and Spanish. Evidently, the cost will be great and Father Peyton counts on the generosity of the lovers of Mary to help.

Father told us he received art work from our Sisters in Central Africa to be sold in favor of his noble undertaking. We like to think our readers would also be glad to assist Father in this excellent enterprise. Please send your offering to:

THE FAMILY ROSARY
773 MADISON AVE.
ALBANY 8, N.Y.





Meditation of a Catechist

One evening after supper, while I was walking in my banana plantation reciting my rosary, my eyes wandered high up into the heavens where myriads of numberless stars shone down upon me . . . stars which even Adam had never been able to count!

Heaven is far away . . . I thought to myself . . . and in this heaven, far, far away dwells the great God who is more mighty than all the kings on earth, Whose greatness exceeds even that of Our Holy Father, the Pope!

And this great God thinks of me . . . of me, Herman . . . a poor Catechist of Nyanga! I am not a King, not even a Prince, just a simple human creature. What wonders!

When I go to visit the king of our people, I find him very changeable—one day, quite friendly, speaking to me with interest—another day, not even taking notice of me. But this great God, the Creator, takes good care of me all through the day and during the

night. When I speak to Him, He listens. He listens when I speak to Him in my childish way, in my nonsensical way of expressing myself. He listens to all this with attentive interest. Such wonders!

This great God takes good care of me . . . He makes our bananas to grow . . . He gives us rain . . . He makes the sun shine upon us . . . He takes good care of my soul, too. Long ago He died for me. He has sent many missionaries to teach me how to know and love Him. At first I did not want to believe . . . how foolish I was! But then, He opened my eyes to the light of Faith, and I believed and was baptized.

This Creator of all mankind has washed my soul with His Son's own Blood, and strengthens my body each day with His Precious Life. In Heaven He watches over me . . . He loves me . . . a poor creature, not a king or even a prince but just Herman, a mere Catechist!

IF THOU WILT

"If Thou Wilt", a new 26-minute sound and color movie, produced by Pat Blake and supervised by Rev. Gordon Fournier, W.F., deals with the work of the White Sisters and other Missionary Sisters in Africa. It emphasizes in particular the year of special Missionary training which the young White Sisters from European countries and America receive at their Motherhouse in Algiers before being assigned to a mission.

This film may be obtained free of charge to show in schools and clubs from the Promotion Work Center of the White Sisters at 319 Middlesex Ave., Metuchen, N. J.

AN EDUCATION IN

Flourishing results of Domestic Science training for the African woman, are a constant reward to the Sisters who are laboring in the Mission field with the hope of raising the standard of women and young girls to a higher level.

Among the many successful enterprises along this line, are the two Domestic Science schools at Kasama, one for young girls, and the other for married women, all of whom are boarders. Each of these two schools are distinctly separate from one another, the girls' school being located just next door to the Sisters' convent, while the school for married women lies about five minutes walking distance beyond, and is in possession of the Government.

While the mothers are busy in their efforts to learn sewing, knitting, washing, ironing, cooking, etc., their little ones sleep peacefully in their wicker cots outside, well protected by the mosquito nets. We, who up to now, are accustomed to seeing only dirty women with babies tied on their backs, find it so refreshing to witness the modern developments becoming a part of the woman in this school. How clean everything is: mothers, babies, and clothing, as well!

It is a struggle at times, however, to educate such a crowd! Husbands often expect to find a sudden transformation in their wives, as a result of this founda-



Cries of protest arise from the little one who is not willing to see his mother depart for the morning classes at the Domestic School.

tion, and often they come to the Sister in charge, begging her to train their wives well, to teach them cleanliness and hygiene, to cook wholesome meals, to be diligent, rising early in the morning . . . etc. . . Sometimes they even go as far as to draw up a list of the wife's bad habits and failings,

HOUSEHOLD ARTS



Young women love the art of knitting, aware that it pleases their husband to receive an article of their making.

candidly hoping that all will be wiped away by education. It is quite apparent that these men want their women to be neat and clean and capable of teaching their children to follow in this same path.

One day a Catechist of the village came to me with this plea: "Mother, do not get discouraged

with my wife; keep on hoping, but do not expel her from your school. She is bound to acquire at least some slight knowledge, and I *do so* wish her to have some schooling!"

But sad to say, I must admit that this woman is really uncouth. After being at the school for only two days, she suddenly bundled her scant clothing together with the excuse that she must start for home where her second baby was ill. The truth was later revealed to find that it had been her turn to cook for the class, a session she found altogether too tiring!

Shortly after this scene, she was brought back to the school by her husband, proud of having succeeded in persuading his wife to return. But then, the youngest baby caught measles . . . so that both mother and child were forced to return to their village, while the desolate husband begged us to keep their place vacant in order that the mother may resume her training as soon as possible.

Progress in this field of education for the women is on the ever-increasing trend to build happy lives in an orderly home, and Christianity influences the woman who learns to model her own life upon the example of Our Blessed Mother in her care of the Holy Family at Nazareth. "Where there is Charity and loving friendship . . . there GOD dwells!"

MOTHER ST. YVAN, W.S.

BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY

The following excerpts are taken from two letters received from African male students, expressing their different opinions on the education of the African woman. In the latter of these two quotations, it can very well be seen what a difference Christianity contributes to the pagan outlook.

"In the problem of education for women, we shall have to consider the African's attitude of mind towards his wife, namely: less than a mere slave! It is already clear, therefore, that no equality can be found between a slave and a free-man. Man's dominion and supremacy over woman is the mainstay and domain of an African's ideals. Consequently, if the woman lives under man's oppressive rule, then it is easy to see how difficult it is to surrender to the sharing of rights and freedom between a slave and a lord. This way of thinking is deeply instilled into the African's blood, even an educated one!

"Since Christianity and education demand equality between man and woman, naturally the African male finds this to be folly and frustration. Educated girls are taught their God-given rights and are fully aware of this equality which they learn about in school when they study Sacred Scripture. Now, what African man, in this previously mentioned frame of mind, would want to forfeit and thus lose all his supreme rights by



This young mother, re-living the role of Mary of Nazareth, has received an education at the Mission which is invaluable to her family.

sacrificing them to his inferior wife? Is it not shameful in his eyes? Therefore, selfishness reigns, while troubles and continuous complaints end in a broken marriage. In my sincere opinion, this is why the African finds his educated wife an unbearable burden. Even if she produces very profitable work for him, the comparison is far from satisfactory!

"This unchristian state of affairs is somewhat aided by the "lobola custom" through which the woman becomes as it were the property of her husband. Since the woman is completely subjected to his authority, it remains to be seen that love cannot flourish between the slave and the master. No doubt this is the reason why educated boys develop this attitude of man's dominion and supremacy over woman. Unless they step on new ground and begin all over again by following the ways of life, it is quite evident that this matter shall never be improved."



(The next letter is a source of encouragement to the continued education of women whose rights Christianity has restored).

Dear Mother Annelly:

"I think it will come as a surprise for you to receive a letter from S. Best Banda, a student who has married one of your graduates, Sesilia Ciluzi. The real purpose of my letter is to express my congratulations for the wonderful education you have given to Sesilia.

"When I returned home from the Teachers' Training School at Malole, my family had advised me not to marry an educated girl, but by chance I happened to meet Sesilia from your school. We set the marriage date, and had a very nice celebration.

"We were both appointed to teach here at Cikowa. I teach Standard III while Sesilia takes Standard I and Sub-Standard B. The people here admire my wife's work, especially her sewing and knitting. She is the first woman teacher they have ever met and does very well with her lessons.

"Sesilia's housekeeping is also very good . . . she follows all you have shown her. She knows how to iron quite nicely, is always busy washing clothes, cooking and baking. Right now she is knitting some stockings for me which are taking beautiful shape!

"I thank God for all that you and your Sisters have done for her and I will pray for all of you that you may do more for the African girl's education."

SILVESTER BEST BANDA

OUR FRONT COVER

"Thank you and Happy New Year" she says with a smile, and this is the message that goes to all the generous benefactors who have helped our African children at Christmas.



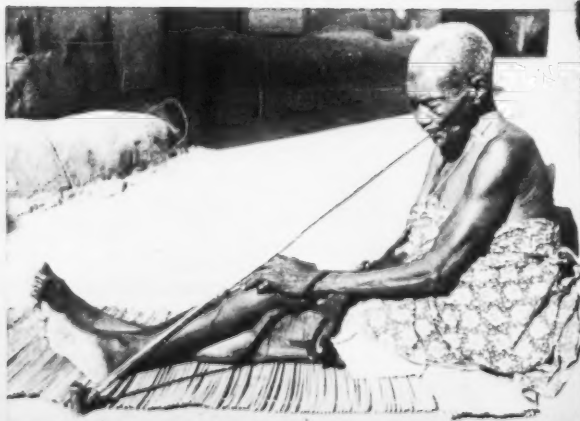


THE VALUE OF MUD IN AFRICA

*From a Pipe
to a
Cathedral!*

An old man finds solace in his "Mud-made" pipe which nature has provided for his relaxation.

*... for the older women,
too, pipe-smoking is a
pleasant pastime!*

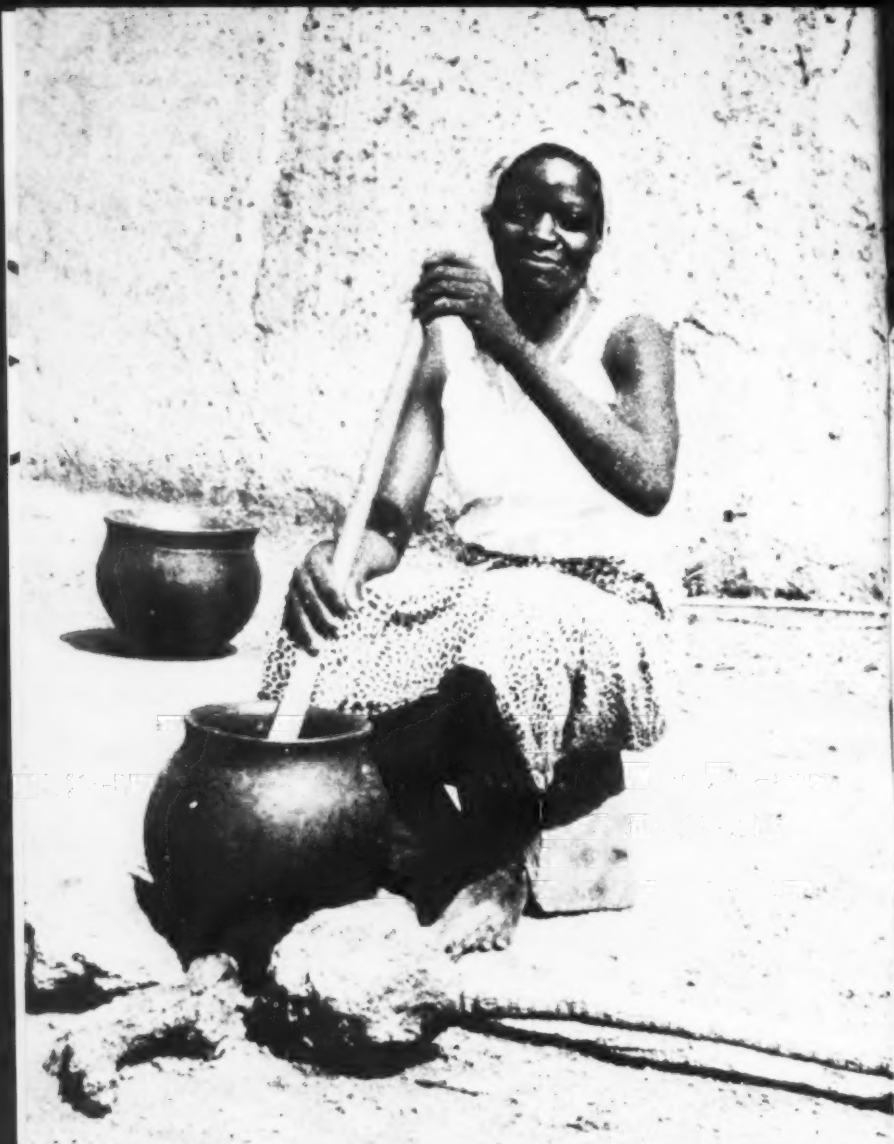




These hand-made water pots, modeled from African mud and gracefully balanced upon the head, are utilized for the daily task of drawing water.

A bath-tub for baby is a much-needed item, even in Africa, but no Hardware store can produce any similar to the one being used here, personally fashioned by the hands of this baby's mother.





Cooking can become a pleasure, as we see from the face of this smiling woman while she stirs her millet in her mud-made pot.



These mud containers also serve to store the household supply of food, since cupboards are very seldom the "fashion" in the bush.

This youngster enjoys his dinner from a moulded plate, carefully rounded, which might appear as a mixing bowl to some, but to the family in Africa it serves as the plate for their "one-dish" meal.





Strong bricks (left), are first formed from the slime of the earth, laid out in the open for their process of sun-baking and then carefully fitted together to build a house.

... Another type of house is the mud hut below, several of which are built close together and surrounded by a high mud wall.

Perhaps the most inspiring of mud-made creations is the large Cathedral (opposite) which the African people have built under the supervision of a Brother at Navrongo, in the Gold Coast.

Inside (lower right), the voices ring out strong as before Midnight Mass, the Catechist leads the Congregation in "Glory be to God on High". God descends upon this altar formed from the very earth which He created. Though church pews are not to be found, the little mud benches serve as seats and kneelers at the same time!





LORD

MAKE ME A PRIEST

—Young Oswald's desire to become a Priest was Stronger than Death!

Oswald's features were still very much those of a child as he approached his fourteenth year. Both of his parents were snatched by death's call, leaving the young lad to be brought up under the care of his aunt. Although this poor child probably never knew the real meaning of "home" yet God made use of this opportunity, and with His Fatherly Love inspired Oswald with the intense desire of giving himself up to a Priestly vocation.

It was indeed a happy day for Oswald when he entered the school at the White Fathers' Preparatory Seminary at Guilleme. Here his

wholehearted application to his studies, his keen intelligence and particularly his strong attachment to his vocation combined with a childlike innocence, were outstanding qualities which made his teachers soon take notice of him.

One day Oswald was forced to stay home from school. A painful abscess had formed on one of his legs and he was unable to walk, or even stand. He simply lay on his little reed-mat, patiently waiting to get well again and longing for his beloved studies which had won his heart. But as the days passed, another abscess was followed by still a third one, and the Fathers

Oswald refused to give up hope, even though doctors could no longer help him.





Persevering in prayer and heroic patience, the lad painfully set about the task of exercising his legs, so long unused.

decided to take him to the Government Hospital at Lilongwe where he would receive the care of doctors and nurses which this painful state required. His aunt accompanied him to the hospital so as to attend to his needs—the washing of his clothes, providing him with extra food, etc. . . .

At the hospital, Oswald lay patiently on his bed, lonely in his intense suffering. Despite the doctors' thorough examinations, their minute investigations, all the best available medicines, his state continued to grow worse . . . abscesses were continuing to break out all over his poor little frame, wasting it away . . . but Oswald still continued to smile and to pray! Finally, after several more weeks of useless investigations, Oswald's aunt grew tired of this hopeless watching, and deserted

him to return to her village.

Whenever they had a chance, the White Fathers from the nearby Likuni Mission visited this poor forsaken boy who so missed the friendly atmosphere of the Mission. They did their best to comfort him in his spiritual loneliness, but soon he became so weak and emaciated that in their fears for his last end the Fathers administered the Last Sacraments to prepare Oswald's soul for the journey. It was then that he expressed his sincere wish: "Please, Father, take me to the Sisters' hospital at Likuni . . ."

A mattress was placed in the station-wagon, and after a few miles of jolty road poor Oswald arrived one afternoon at Likuni. Nobody really expected him to live. He was so worn, so thin, and the torturing pain of the ever re-

curing abscesses racked his aching limbs.

As he was all alone in his room, the Sisters had asked a kind old man who had already become a cripple many years ago, to share the room with Oswald. This he did quite willingly and the two of them became the best of friends—young Oswald and old Donasiano.

In this battle of death, when even the most up-to-date medicines had failed, LOVE triumphed in its own way . . . the way of patient suffering and cheerful gratitude . . . the way of utter devotedness in the nauseating task of daily renewing the pus-soaked bandages . . . the way of mother-like concern for a motherless child . . . the way of humble service to him who had nothing to return but his smiling thanks . . .

In these days of struggle between LIFE and DEATH Oswald's attitude was so outstanding that everyone could not help but admire him: he was always smiling, always cheerful and so often praying! The Fathers from the Mission would bring him books, little presents, fruit from their garden, meat and other strengthening foods. To add to his joy, the Bishop also sent him a beautiful white rabbit one day, and thanks to this diet of loving care, little by little and one by one, the dreadful abscesses began to close, the wasted cheeks began to become full again . . . and life was here once more to be welcomed by Oswald with the most gracious of smiles!

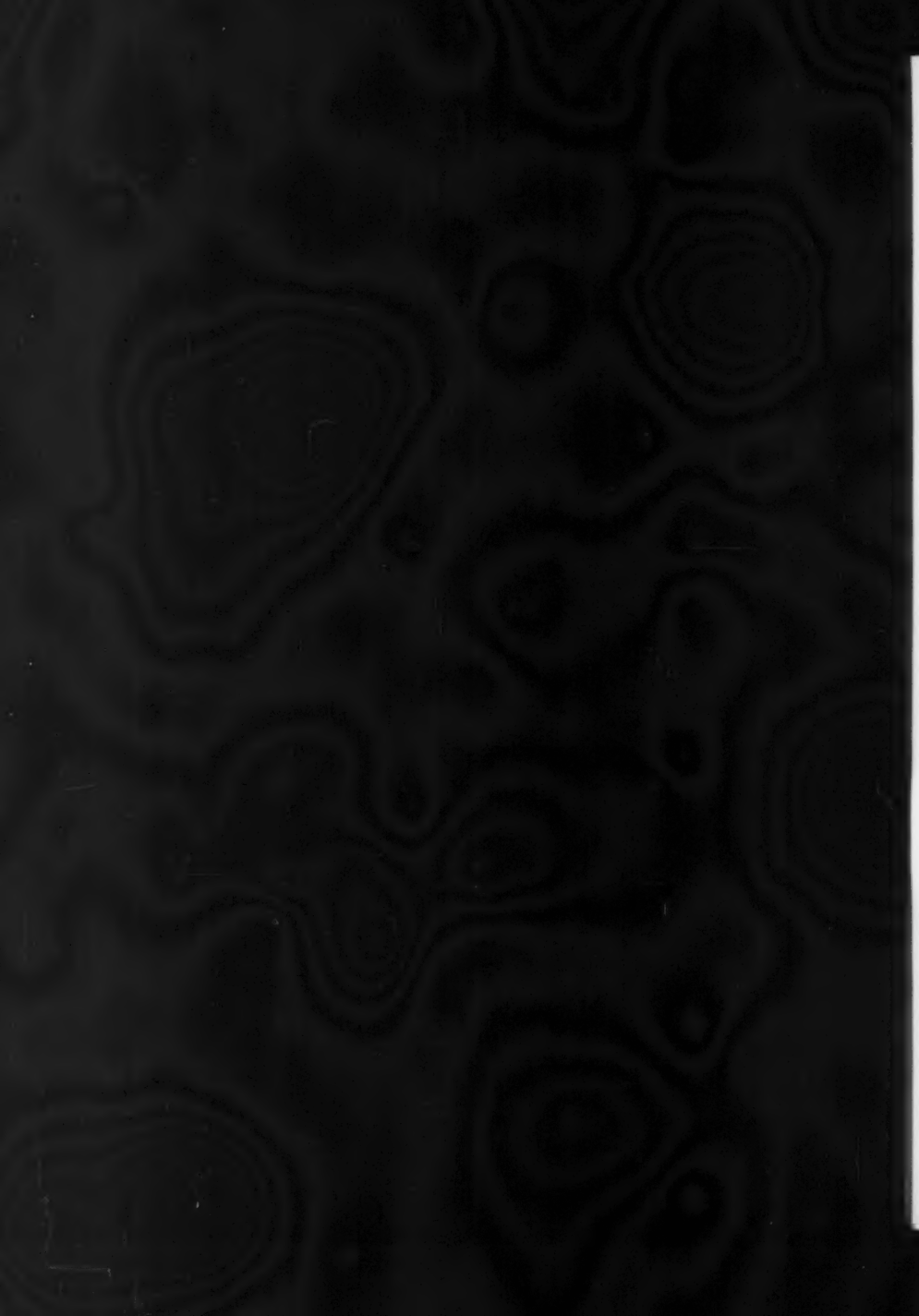
But Oswald still could not walk.

His frail legs had been too long bent with agonizing pain and he could not stand on them. All the while his perseverance led him on while slowly, and most painfully at first he learned to move about with the help of a long pole. Soon, his agility was more noticeable as he began to explore his new surroundings and one could find him EVERYWHERE now. Every day he stopped at the Sisters' Chapel for morning Mass, leaving his faithful stick at the door, crawling on his hands and knees to reach the Holy Table from which he received his strengthening Food!

One day he found his way to the girls' school, with the Sisters' permission, of course . . . and was granted a place behind a makeshift desk, patterned especially for him. With his extraordinary gift of intelligence, he soon left all the girls behind, and all the while this seemingly painful exercise of dragging himself about was actually achieving some results. His legs gradually stretched to almost their normal size, while hot baths and daily massaging helped to soften the muscles and restore normal movement.

In between his exercises, Oswald could often be seen at the door of his little room, seated on a low wooden box, with an upturned orange-crate serving as his desk, seriously doing his homework or studying extra hard. He MUST make up for lost time, for he could not afford to remain behind his companions when the blessed day would come on which he could join them again at the Seminary.







Here, Oswald stands staunch and firm on two healthy legs as he continues his beloved studies at the Seminary.

... Then the happy day dawned at last... the day when Oswald, strong and still smiling, knocked at the Seminary door. Who would have believed that less than a year ago this same boy had lain on the hospital cot, despaired of by the doctors themselves, with only one hope left in his heart and one desire in his soul: "Lord, make me a Priest one day . . . !"

Many years still separate Oswald from his beloved goal—years of persevering effort and painful study. May our prayers help him in this arduous task, as they helped him once before in his brave battle with death, so that one day he may triumphantly voice his joyful thanks: "GRATIAS AGAMUS DOMINO DEO NOSTRO . . ."

MOTHER M. ANNELLY, W.S.

LIFE IN A LEPROSARIUM

*Touching events recorded by Sr. Louis Gabriel at the
Leprosarium in the French Sudan*

At the present writing we have nearly 800 victims of this disease who have come to our settlement for refuge and treatment. It has been my great joy to be placed in charge of the women's section here,

*Little Monica knows that she is a
chosen friend of Our Lord and that
her reward will be great in Heaven.*



where Fanta, one of our charming patients, has recently given birth to a baby girl. You can imagine the contrast between the disfigured countenance of the mother and that of the newly-born infant.

A striking picture is St. Damien's Chapel where five White Sisters kneel each morning in prayer, their leprosy patients gathered about them. As I perform my charge in the Sacristy every day, I cannot help but think that in the presence of these Sisters is Our dear Lord Whose loving heart knew no bounds as it reached out to the victims of leprosy in His own day and time.

The latest progressive step here at the leprosarium is the class which has been recently organized at the settlement to instruct women and young girls in the art of house-keeping. Nor were the men and boys neglected, for in the same gesture, evening courses were scheduled for their benefit by Mama Mugasa, one of the nurses. Five of the more educated patients have volunteered as teachers and each Monday and Thursday evening a class of nearly 100 in number gathers after the day's work to devote themselves to the study of reading and writing.

You have no idea what enthu-



Mutilated hands reach out in gratitude to receive a token of God's love from Sister.

siasm is manifested by these underprivileged pupils in their effort to advance in their studies. Each teacher gathers his group around him on the veranda, in a dormitory, or any other available space. The subject matter is written on the blackboard and repeated over and over during the two hours of class period until it has been thoroughly learned. The materials with which they work are very scanty, both in quality and quantity, and often the pencils must be cut in half in order to supply each pupil with the necessary means of performing his work. Seated on the ground, or on the steps, they make the best of these handicaps and strive good-naturedly in their eager desires to develop the minds which God has given them.

Not long ago a very touching ceremony in honor of the people's "Labor Day" was witnessed by all at the settlement. Mass was narrated in the language of Bambara, and at the Offertory everyone lifted his work-tool to be offered with the "Host without blemish." What a sight it was to see the axe, the watering can, the hoe, the scissors, irons, kettles, etc. being raised to Almighty God with such reverence! The same symbolic gesture was again repeated at the Elevation.

It is in methods such as these that we try to impress upon these "disinherited" of the earth that they are none the less loved by a Provident God, and that they should, in return, offer to Him their humble tasks with all the

pain and humiliation He asks of them in their daily lives.

We are all positively certain that such a prayer is indeed most pleasing to Him, and that He, in His own rewarding way, will grant all the light and grace they need to know Him and to accomplish His Holy Will.

As a perfect proof of the spiritual progress which is also being made in the souls of these victims, the following words written by a teacher who is also a patient at the settlement will be found most inspiring:

"The burden I have carried in this disease for five years did not happen by chance. Rather, I consider it a grace of predilection given by God out of His boundless love for me. But unfortunately, for many of my companions who do not know and love Him as I do, it is a curse. To enlighten them is a work which I and my companions have taken upon ourselves to accomplish. We are only 12 Catholics with as many catechumens, so the task is tremendous, but God is with us. Each evening we recite the Rosary, asking Our Lady to obtain the grace to open their eyes to the True Light and give them happiness and peace.

"What other purpose could there

be to our insignificant and obscure lives here, if not to pray and suffer for the salvation of our brothers and the happiness and welfare of those who from far or near seek to alleviate our misery."

In another instance, a woman who has been studying the Catechism for only three short months, proves her faith in these simple words:

"I talk to Jesus and say— 'Come, dwell with me and with Thy angels watch over me. I am alone in this world, for I have neither friends nor riches, but only Thee, my God.'" On one occasion she confided to Sister,

"I remember Jesus whenever I sleep or work . . . in everything I do . . . and I know that He is within me and wants me to offer all things for Him . . . and I am happy."

Can we who are so blessed in comparison with these our less fortunate brethren ever have the right to complain about our little inconveniences, after witnessing such heroic faith and patience in suffering among those who are considered outcasts by their own people? Let us pray, for these "silent contributors" to the work of Christ's redemption and keep them before our minds when tempted to complain of our bitter lot.

**Young girls desirous of
devoting their lives to the
salvation of African souls
as White Sisters, should
apply for information to:
MOTHER SUPERIOR
WHITE SISTERS' CONVENT
MARY GLENN R-D-2
FRANKLIN, PA.**

a
"Thank You"
16 miles
long



Therezia does not mind the fatigue in her joy to reach the mission.

Therezia is a victim of leprosy who lives at Kyana, 8 miles from Navrongo. Twice a year the poor woman makes the trip from Kyana to Navrongo on her sore-covered feet and on her knees, coming to the church to "refresh" herself near God, to go to Communion and hear Mass. Then she goes back home again, after having visited the Sisters and received a little gift from them.

The last time she came to us, our cupboards were completely bare and we were sorry to be unable to give her anything. However, a few days later we received a box from one of our benefactors and, among other things, there was a black cotton dress with white flowers. To whom should we give it? At once the answer was unanimous . . . to Therezia! So the next morning, we sent it to her by a woman who happened to be going to Kyana.

A few days later, much to our great surprise, we noticed that Therezia was at Mass, all dressed up in her new black-and-white dress—and very becoming it was, too! After Mass, we were overwhelmed with her endless thanks. You can imagine how touched we were: here was a poor woman who thought nothing of walking on bleeding feet for a 16-mile round trip, just to say "Thank You!"

We told Therezia that her "Thank You" should go to the benefactor who had sent the wonderful box, and that her gratitude would be best expressed by very fervent prayers for that person. She will pray hard, we have no doubt, and we know that God, Who is much more moved than His children at the "Thank you's" sent to Him, will reward those generous souls who give us a chance to make our people happy.

SR. ST. NARCISSE



NEWS

Father Peyton's Visits to our missions in Central Africa were very successful. Thousands of Catholics walked as many as 50 to 100 miles to attend the Rosary Crusade Rallies and the majority of Catholic families signed up to say the rosary every day. Echoes have come from the missions that they are keeping their promise. Even some pagans, who assisted at one of the rallies, expressed their desire to say the rosary in family.

* * *

Four White Sisters of different Nationalities stationed in various missions of Uganda united at the Motherhouse of the African Sisters at Bwanda to make their retreat before taking perpetual vows. His Excellency, Bishop Kiwanuka, the African Bishop who visited the States in 1950, officiated at the ceremony and preached the sermon.

African Sisters as well as White Sisters from the surrounding missions were among the large attendance. After the ceremony and the congratulations, the Sisters were accompanied back to the White Sisters' Convent by a group of joyous children waving branches of palms like on Palm Sunday.

All those present were very much edified and many remarks were made that it was an undeniable proof of the sisterly relationship between the White Sisters and the African Sisters.

* * *

In the Missions, as elsewhere today, the written word is an important medium for the apostolate. With this in mind, the major seminarians of Nyakibanda Seminary in Ruanda have formed a literary and artistic circle which has as one of its principal aims to initiate major seminarians into the art of writing for their local papers, books and brochures. The circle now collaborates with four periodicals in Ruanda: three in the local language and one in French.

* * *

In Belgian Africa the Minister of Colonies is setting up a network of lay schools, at a great expense, which is a detriment to the Catholic Mission schools. This means that the Government subsidies, which have been previously given to the Mission schools are now going to the construction of these new projects, endangering the continuation of the Catholic schools.

At present, the Mission schools provide education for 1,200,000 students from primary to university level in a population of 16,000,000 of whom 4,700,000 are Catholics.



WINTER SCENE AT MARY GLENN, FRANKLIN, PA.

Winter at MARY GLENN, our new Postulate, is a breath-taking sight with its snow capped mountains and towering fir trees . . . which chills the admirer on witnessing it.

Last winter, our Sisters also experienced chills. These were not only caused by the admiration of the scenic background, but due to a defection in the OLD FURNACE!

In order to prevent the Postulants from experiencing such chills, a new heating system had to be installed . . . and now the problem is . . . to PAY FOR IT!

Would you not like to keep OUR HOME FIRES BURNING? Your contribution will also keep our Postulants warm as they pray for you.

WHITE SISTERS, 319 Middlesex Ave., Metuchen, N. J.

Dear Sisters:

Enclosed please find my donation \$.....towards the new heating system at MARY GLENN.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITYZONESTATE



Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa

